

THE INTEREST INCREASING EVERY DAY
IN THE
Great Anniversary Celebration,
TO BE HELD IN
MONTREAL,
From Thursday, April 6th to the 12th (inclusive).

Officers of all Ranks are looking forward to them with the greatest expectancy. They are coming from the East and West, and from the North and South, to attend it.

THE COUNCILS OF WAR

Will, we are sure, be full of inspiration and blessing. The inauguration of the New Oversight Schemes and the Public Commissioning of the New District Officers will be historical events. Every Officer, Soldier and Friend who can get there should be there.

THE PROGRAM

INCLUDES

THE DEDICATION of "THE LIGHTHOUSE,"

(A NEW FOOD AND SHELTER FOR MONTREAL),

*The Inauguration of the New Oversight Plan,
An Old-Fashioned Day for Saving Souls,
Stirring Social Address by the Commandant,
Staff and Field Officers' Councils of War.*

THERE WILL BE PRESENT: Colonel Mackenzie, Chief Secretary; Brigadier Holland, Field Secretary; Brigadiers Margetts and Jacobs, Majors Scott, Hall and Calhoun, and nearly the whole of the Dominion Staff.

THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH

WILL CONDUCT THE CAMPAIGN.

FULL PROGRAM NEXT WEEK.

REDUCED RAILWAY RATES will be issued by the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways from all points at a Fare and One-Third for the Return Journey.

Be sure and ask Station Agent at Starting Point for Standard Certificate.

Officers requiring Billets should communicate AT ONCE with Staff-Capt. Bennett, 26 Alexander Street, Montreal, P.Q.

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER

OF THE



The Sun of Righteousness shall arise
in healing

While Jesus' blood through earth and skies
Hereby free boundless mercy cries

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

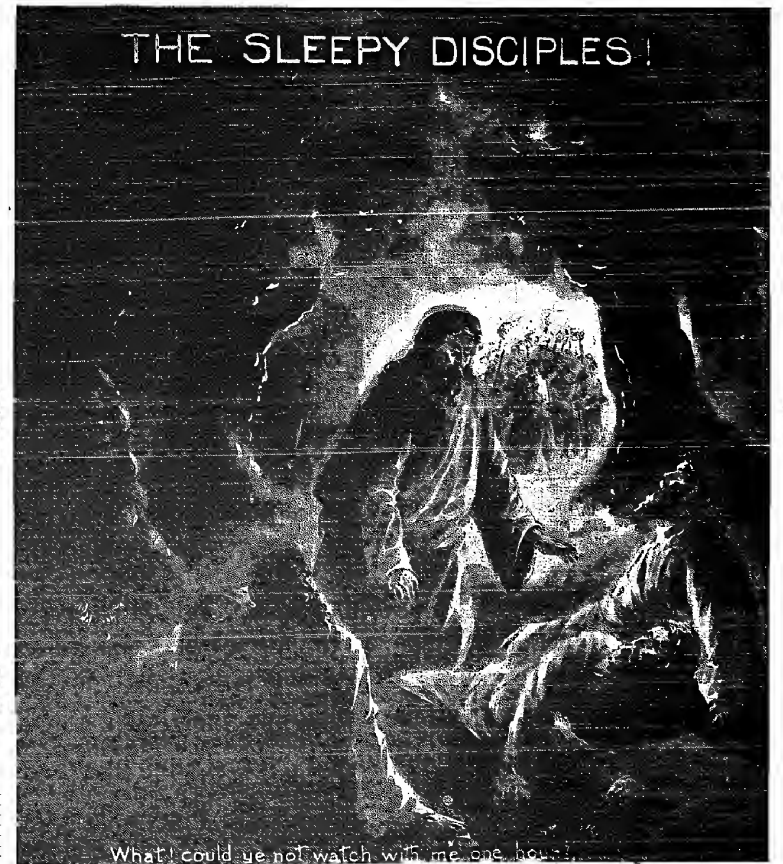
WAR CRY

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

VOL. IX. No. 440. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1893. [Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 10 CENTS.

THE SLEEPY DISCIPLES!



What! could ye not watch with me one hour?

to acknowledge and look at it, it happily by the grace of God, we may at least wake some of the sleeping disciples up to watch and pray.

ASLEEP! ASLEEP!

Look at those two sleepers asleep! One of them is considered sleep by everybody. He knows he has nothing particular to say, and no great anxiety to say it. Without energy to move himself on the platform, scarcely, perhaps, to take his hands out of his pockets, he lounges through the performance of duty, and sits down to everybody's relief as well as his own, when he has filled up so many useless minutes of the precious time. That he is asleep is evident enough.

But his companion, who is considered such a lively speaker, and so popular with everybody, is not a fraction more awake to the stupendous crisis in front of him. To point out so many well-furnished phrases, tell so many interesting anecdotes, make people laugh, cry, or say amen so often, may be part of his programme every time, and he may make a very good name for himself amongst men by his contributions. But the thought that even one of his many careless souls who listen to him with such pleasure, will be damned for ever unless he gets them to the cross that night, that nerve-drawn upon his consciousness. Awake enough to the applause of his company, to his own reputation, or ease, he is sound asleep to the world's salvation or damnation. It would be a mercy to him and to his congregation if even by being thrown headfirst off the platform they could be aroused out of their guilty indifference and taught to care.

Well, I should not care myself to drag out the glorious time in that sad moment of alarm, were it not that I feel they are shown up by the Light of the World as the most vivid representation of the painful truth as to the followers of Christ in all times.

Sound asleep, just at the agonizing crisis when all the hope of the souls around is at stake! Sound asleep, and repeatedly asleep in spite of the most direct and careful efforts to keep them awake. That is, alas, a true description of many of our officers and soldiers!! Yes, our officers and soldiers!! Oh, that they may wake! To us at this crisis, when the distance of time, it seems almost inconceivable that these chosen friends whom Jesus was with to make the confidants of His death-sweat, would have gone to sleep three times over; when we are assured that they themselves were overwhelmed by address about the impending crash which they had been so precisely informed of. And yet on Easter Sunday night, 1918, the angels will see something far more startling in almost every Salvation Army barracks in the world.

THE AGONY IN A R.A. MEETING.

Not many, even in our ranks, have probably any realization of the Savior's life and death agony in an average S.A. meeting. The agony of the garden was, in my opinion, chiefly on account of His own nation according to the flesh, whose ruin and misery throughout so many coming centuries, if the tragedy of the moment were carried out as the Savior sees it. But there was all the host of to-be-remembered Gentiles to look at on the other side, and perhaps it was with the promise of these angels, rebuffed and strengthened the Savior of the World that night.

But remembering that Jesus is the same, yesterday, to-day, and every, try to imagine Jesus kneeling in your barracks when the service has been going on half an hour past Sunday night. Oh, have you not seen Him often in the person of a faithful officer who has been telling all day for souls and has yet caught none? Have you not seen such an officer after praying in an agony rue his knees, and not to wake somebody truly asleep? The apostle's sleep was one of pure physical exhaustion, and he did not know that they may have passed through the past 48 or 72 hours, during which time it may be they never saw sleep, possibly very hot, dusty weather. But the sleep too often observable on S.A. platforms is a far worse sort, which does not appear to the naked eye. Only very exhausted men or women could really get physically to sleep in an Army hall. I should hope, when in a prayer meeting, but the other sleep, oh, how common it is! Let us be honest enough, my comrades,

A NIGHT PLACE IN BERLIN.

For the souls of whom they now never seriously think.

SLEEPY PREACHER, SLEEPY HEARER.

But see how such speakers multiply sleepers, even in what was once a thoroughly wide-awake camp! In my opinion there is not a more terrible sight in all God's universe than the Sunday night frigate of a well-to-do, but sleeping corps. The horrors of the vessel are more conspicuous as disgusting as to drive back the onlooker with a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. The blood and dirt upon dishevelled women's faces, and the shrieks of ragged, helpless children show the devil's handiwork so plainly that you run from the scene at once as forming part of hell itself.

But I tell you that in my estimation is mild indeed in contrast with the corpse smiting, chanting, singing in your barracks when the prayer meeting has been going on half an hour past Sunday night. Oh, have you not seen Him often in the person of a faithful officer who has been telling all day for souls and has yet caught none? Have you not seen such an officer after praying in an agony rue his knees, and not to wake somebody truly asleep? The apostle's sleep was one of pure physical exhaustion, and he did not know that they may have passed through the past 48 or 72 hours, during which time it may be they never saw sleep, possibly very hot, dusty weather. But the sleep too often observable on S.A. platforms is a far worse sort, which does not appear to the naked eye. Only very exhausted men or women could really get physically to sleep in an Army hall. I should hope, when in a prayer meeting, but the other sleep, oh, how common it is! Let us be honest enough, my comrades,

SLEEPER AWAKE!

Oh, for an Easter that shall wake all such sleepers as these, out of their spiritual slumber! A wonder! Happy would the S.A. be with every such barracks burned to the ground, every window in it stoned through, or every man in it shot dead, if it were well betoken, rather than such an eternally disgraceful state of things should be for another week possible.

My Canadian comrades, forgive me if from your observations elsewhere I have drawn a picture that is not often met. The more monstrous that it should be possible amongst us anywhere; but, alas, alas! Every year's experience has shown me that few corps sleep periods when such scenes are common enough. And yet the souls of countless sailors, sleeping in their stins, are dependent upon us for their salvation.

AND KEEP AWAKE.

Every one of us is accountable not only for keeping awake, but for keeping sufficient awake for the tremendous emergency in which we keep on going missing to be true to our Master. We Germans are constantly singing:

"Erstere from mein Gott so tief."

"Ever true to God to Thee."

And I keep on trying to impress on my comrades the tremendous meaning of the words in which we promise to be faithful just at those moments when other people go to sleep. Will you, will you do it, or will you sleep on and take your rest while Jesus is betrayed?

RAILTON.

From Death Unto Life.

It is the unchanging law of nature. The seed cannot live unless it dies. The seed cannot live unless it dies. When the seed is sown in the soil, it is sown in death. It is sown in death, but the beginning of life.

The PARABLE APPLIES. You seed cannot live unless it dies; not only in the soil, but in the natural world so to speak. Keep your soul locked up away from the suffering soul of the Holy Spirit, shut out from the sunlight of God's presence, then for you there is no quickening, no spiritual life, no resurrection, no life in the world to come.

But bring your soul, that dry hard soil, which seems so lifeless with no hope of life, to the light of God's love, and it will be in the dust of the soil of Calvary's crucifixion. There is a resurrection, a new life, a new life in the world to come, and where the seed of heaven is sown, it will grow and bear fruit. That is the promise of God. That is the promise of God.

But bring your soul, that dry hard soil, which seems so lifeless with no hope of life, to the light of God's love, and it will be in the dust of the soil of Calvary's crucifixion. There is a resurrection, a new life, a new life in the world to come, and where the seed of heaven is sown, it will grow and bear fruit. That is the promise of God. That is the promise of God.

SPRING TIME AND THE RESURRECTION. There could not be found a more fitting season than this time in which to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord. For in the winter of the past, the resurrection of the Lord is seen in the spring of the present. The resurrection of the Lord is seen in the spring of the present. The resurrection of the Lord is seen in the spring of the present.

And shall not we, who claim to be the seed of life, also claim to be the seed of life? To us is it the winter of the past? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present?

And shall not we, who claim to be the seed of life, also claim to be the seed of life? To us is it the winter of the past? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present?

And shall not we, who claim to be the seed of life, also claim to be the seed of life? To us is it the winter of the past? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present?

And shall not we, who claim to be the seed of life, also claim to be the seed of life? To us is it the winter of the past? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present?

And shall not we, who claim to be the seed of life, also claim to be the seed of life? To us is it the winter of the past? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present? For us has not the time of the spring of the present?

The Baekwoodsman's Daughter, The Ladder of Thorns.

* TOUCHING TALE OF RESCUE.

CAPT. ADRIAN COWAN.

It was a dark night, and everything seemed still and peaceful around the old farm-house. It was the Easter Sunday night, and the family were all asleep. The old man, who was the head of the family, was sitting up in bed, looking out of the window. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times.

"Good night," said he, looking back at the family. "Everything has been all right so far, and I hope it will continue," he added, partly to himself. And he went to sleep, and he was not to wake again.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

* TAKING UP THE CROSS.

MAJOR STAFF CAPT. POWERS.

It was a dark night, and everything seemed still and peaceful around the old farm-house. It was the Easter Sunday night, and the family were all asleep. The old man, who was the head of the family, was sitting up in bed, looking out of the window. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times.

"Good night," said he, looking back at the family. "Everything has been all right so far, and I hope it will continue," he added, partly to himself. And he went to sleep, and he was not to wake again.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

An Easter Enrolment.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

MAJOR STAFF CAPT. POWERS.

It was a dark night, and everything seemed still and peaceful around the old farm-house. It was the Easter Sunday night, and the family were all asleep. The old man, who was the head of the family, was sitting up in bed, looking out of the window. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times.

"Good night," said he, looking back at the family. "Everything has been all right so far, and I hope it will continue," he added, partly to himself. And he went to sleep, and he was not to wake again.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

HAVE YOU SEEN CHRIST?

MAJOR STAFF CAPT. POWERS. It was a dark night, and everything seemed still and peaceful around the old farm-house. It was the Easter Sunday night, and the family were all asleep. The old man, who was the head of the family, was sitting up in bed, looking out of the window. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times.

"Good night," said he, looking back at the family. "Everything has been all right so far, and I hope it will continue," he added, partly to himself. And he went to sleep, and he was not to wake again.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

* TAKING UP THE CROSS IN THE 19th CENTURY.

MAJOR STAFF CAPT. POWERS. It was a dark night, and everything seemed still and peaceful around the old farm-house. It was the Easter Sunday night, and the family were all asleep. The old man, who was the head of the family, was sitting up in bed, looking out of the window. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times. He was thinking of the old days, and the old people, and the old times.

"Good night," said he, looking back at the family. "Everything has been all right so far, and I hope it will continue," he added, partly to himself. And he went to sleep, and he was not to wake again.

He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man. He was a good Christian man, and he was a good man.

"He is not Here! He is Risen!"

"Go quickly and tell!"

(See Supplement.)

BY THE COMMANDARY.

IT was love brought these women to the sepulchre. It was love kept them at Calvary when others had forsaken. Probably the reason why, in both cases, it was women and not men who ministered in the Lord, was simply this: Women as a rule love more than men. They, beyond all God's creatures are made to love; that is why they are so frequently the most LOVABLE. But love and fidelity go together. They are the twin-sisters of virtue. Quid is the expression of the other. Aye, the real test of all expressions. How much do I love my friend? I shall know when I discover how far I am faithful to him. "How much do I love my God?" This, too, I shall know by precisely the same method. "He that hath my commandments and keeps them, he it is that loveth me."

Say, then, that love manifesting itself through faithfulness brought the world's first evangelists to the vacant grave of the risen Saviour. This chiefly, but something beside. They were Jewish women, and in consequence came with misty conceptions of glory that should yet be revealed; a hazy idea that after Calvary should come triumph; a transpiring down in some unknown fashion of defeat and death. Had He risen, as they yet with them? It might be, suppose it! Ah, suppose it should! Thus did these sisters of mercy tread the dewy earth in the dawn of that morning, which, supreme in the world of time, stands out as the birthday of the soul's unconquerable hope. Upon the emptiness of the tomb they were approaching, depended the fulness of faith for all Christendom.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene if we will but divest ourselves of the superstitious idealism with which we are prone to cover up the true inwardness of these Bible stories. They were women, not angels. Women with like passions to those of our sisters, mothers and daughters. Death, too, was to them exactly what it is to us. From a human standpoint, death to a woman is among all things the cruellest, just because it is of all things the most RELENTLESS. Dead, she is no more; not for one moment! Not a smile, a look, a thought; no, not even a recognition is ever unlocked from the treasury of the grave. To a woman this is more ghastly than to a man, because her love is proportionate to her love. She loves more, therefore she loses more. The dread of death needs no explaining to her; it is too exquisitely felt. This we know to be true with the women of our acquaintance, how much more may we imagine the women of that day.

Not a smile, a look, a thought; no, not even a recognition is ever unlocked from the treasury of the grave. To a woman this is more ghastly than to a man, because her love is proportionate to her love. She loves more, therefore she loses more. The dread of death needs no explaining to her; it is too exquisitely felt. This we know to be true with the women of our acquaintance, how much more may we imagine the women of that day.

Calvary. Their hearts had been torn in twain as they watched a lingering struggle between life and death such as can only once afflict the human family. All the scenes of that ghastly day were vividly in their minds. Calvary, with its screaming rabble, its hypocrisy, and dripping blood, must have followed them as a nightmare. They had witnessed His look of recognition, and then listened to His dying groan. Doubtless to them it must have seemed preferable to watch in this grey morning the placid features drawn in death than to be mixing their tears with His life's blood. Yet, death in the case of man leaves one but alone in the world. He had tasted of its fulness as none else. How could He live again?—and yet! So while beams of alvery glory from the rising sun threw their shadows athwart the mouth of the cave, they entered and looked. Love had filled their vessels with peace—hope in articulate and faint had filled their hearts with a strange and undefined wonderment. They awoke as though He were dead, and yet He MIGHT be alive!

"He is Not Here!"

Exactly so! Human nature is today as it was in Mary's time. Notwithstanding generations of testimony upon the subject, the followers of Christ still flock to the sepulchre to find the Saviour. The vast majority of present day Christians get never beyond the Cross. At most they reach the grave. Their religious anxieties are very much to them what this

grave was to the women of the East—the sepulchre of the dead past. They manipulate their spices as though the Roman sent out upon the entrance to their Redeemer's tomb had never been broken, while they crouch in imagination some dim mystic figure of His resurrection.

What rank infidelity all this is! When will all the followers of Stuart Mill and Charles Bradlaugh have the courage to own up? How long shall the courts of the Lord be darkened by substitutes in the path of the believer? When will the alarm of God cease to be surrounded by cowering crowds whose voices sing sentimentally of His Cross, while their actions give the lie to His resurrection?

"He is not here!" Tombs do not hold Him longer. Tombs of whatever sort. Tombs are the dwelling places of the dead. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Your creeds! They are dead. Beautiful some of them I admit, language sublime with meaning deep and profound, but, nevertheless, dead! Dead, if you like, as the love-liest gift ever meant to a living creature.

Why seek ye the living among the dead? Most elaborate are your ceremonial, your prayers, savings, and baptisms, your ordinations and holy communions, but this at least you will admit me without quarrel—they are dead, but dead, the best of them. You will find no Christ for your lost soul in THEM. Help onward to the great reality they may be if you will, but serious they are not, for you will find no saviours in the regions of death though the sepulchre be of fine gold.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Your friend, your sister, your brother, your father, your mother, even your wife. Ah, I perceive! Their influence is strong with you. So it is, so it should be! Insuperable is the loneliness of the man with no human friendships. And who shall measure up the force of one helping hand or even a pitying look? Friends can help you?—Yes! Says you!—No! Hear you not? The voice now speaking, precious death in it. Those eyes so full of tenderness will shortly lie sightless in the grave. The hand you grasp, the fleshy arm upon which you love to lean are both getting ready to lie in the cold of death. You will not find your Redeemer in a sepulchre should that sepulchre be even of flesh and blood. "He is not here!"

"Not here!" There is something of melancholy in the expression—"Not here." Left is the sepulchre—empty. The life so full of battle—spent! Human friendships, pleasant professions, He had tried and found them—wanting. None knew or ever will know the fickleness of human aid like He who went forth to die while His comrades slept. "Not here." Know you not this is the vale of tears where friendships fail and loves decay? Have you not yet discovered this world is the abode of cruelty where trust is betrayed and hope deferred; where the expectant die broken hearted, and even the wealthy are robbed by the grave? Have you not understood it when you read from the pages of history how whole generations have gone down to the grave—DISAPPOINTED! Hope in this world did you say? Why this world is one vast graveyard of buried hope. Woe to the man who seeks for his Saviour here!

"He is Risen!"

The angel said so, but I fancy Mary had difficulty in believing it. She stood confronting the supreme event of all time. She may be pardoned if, overcome with bewilderment, she wanted to MAKE SURE. Methinks I can see her as with knee bended and with hand uplifted to keep back the angel's countenance, she looks steadfastly into the dismal recess which till now held the form of her loving Lord. It is a moment of intense excitement mingled with solemn awe. Had He risen? Was it true after all? Had the last signal ruffled the dead already signed with blood, proclaiming an open (certain) for sin and unbelief to the world? And was she, a woman, for the most part unknown, unloved, to be the first of that great cloud of witnesses yet to proclaim the glad tidings?

"He is risen!" pronounced the angel, while the echo from the empty vault eloquently testified that the grave could not hold Him.

Now all this happened two thousand years ago. That is no matter, for we say it is an event for all time. That being so, it is as much a fact for today and for ever, as it was the first five minutes after the angel gave utterance. Men are pleased to say that as part of their creed, but anyone with eyes and convictions may assert most distinctly it is not so. There are many even in the Army who are anything but "on time" with their religion. In this respect they date back about 2,000 years. Their Christ-creed is always at Calvary and their resurrection at Jerusalem. Hence is it the "vacant grave" is ever to them what our picture is to us—a symbol and a sentiment; true, certainly, but always there and ever now. There is a sorrow who looks rather than a Christ who puns, rather than a Jesus who LIVES. This I believe to be the dividing line which in God's sight separates the true believer from the real agnostic.

Whoever believes that I AM a Christian—not that I WAS, but that I AM. To contemplate the vast number of CHRISTIAN ATHEISTS walking this world is enough to make one's blood run cold! This is why the Cross nowadays is more in favor than the resurrection. The commonplace Christian stops short at Calvary because there he finds a sentiment pleasing to his sense of ideal. It forms withal a magnificent centre-piece to his creed. But the resurrection! Ah, the resurrection! That is another matter. It follows there must be a LIVING Christ, and a living Christ is too awkward a calculation when one's daily doings and grocery store is taken into account.

And yet this is the meaning of the resurrection if resurrection there was at all. "He is risen." Risen! Risen! Risen are the grave bonds, and ALIVE for ever more. He wears the robe of life, and is no longer encumbered by trammels of flesh and blood, but as an all-pervading Spirit, filling the infinitude of heaven and earth, and striving with the hearts of all men.

And best of all, He is nigh unto me, WE—EVER ME! O, that we could believe that in all the worth of its significance! He Himself in His litter can, and prayed for me ere I existed. How can I ever doubt the love that has thus been so supremely tested? I will not! I dare not! I understood the angel when he said, "He is not here!"

And yet in a sense too great too, because the angel said: "Officers! Soldiers! What in Galilee?" On the Cross Within your home? "Go quickly and tell!"

Now look again at Mary. Him is empty. The grave of herself, and the coming of the power sense of the initial fact of heaven, earth, and hell events revolving in ages past, was food for reflection and distance calculated to occupy with sentiment, this was to kneel, these women said: Nay, what a woman were souls! What research is there! And yet how utterly they were! What a sublime great with consequences in this supreme hour, while she claims the consuming forces of the very galaxy! Messiah had come—had he not? There was no more sign. How could they do this?

How could they? For force for all effort that could be. That is, the arm of love, it, knows it, and then gets and gives. Selfishness out; some things the self-efficiency of preachers.

TELLER. The zeal of God that is some mystic sense to their tearing drive that the broken heart. How can the friend, you must take me in saying it; some measure of the wings of the temple.

Go quickly and tell! KNOW. If we preach often of SUMMERS. Theories are all well. The reason for the forward reason is because we would be philosopher than a man.

If your gospel is what it is, if this Christ of yours is of men, and His pitying never mind your language! I know we wait. Repent and eloquent, we can do, no, let that backslide! He knows the way better than we do. He knows that God's love and His prayer, that God's love and His things still. On the destiny depends upon the

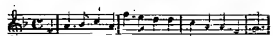




THE WOMEN TO THE FRONT

"He is not here - He is risen. Go quickly and tell....."

1 Gethsemane.



DARK was the hour, Gethsemane,
When through thy walks was heard
The lowly man of Galilee
Still pleading with the Lord.

CHORUS.—Jesus, my Saviour

Alone in sorrow see him bow,
As all our grief he bears;
Not words may tell his anguish now,
But sweat and blood, and tears
There prostrate on the earth he lies,
Ours well-beloved Son;
But still the fainting sufferer cries,
Father, Thy will be done.

For me he pays, I hear him pray,
He will my soul receive.
How Jesus, take my sins away!
Now, Jesus, I believe.

Can I forget the tears and blood
Which there he shed for me?
They flow a constant cleansing flood,
Abundant flesh and free.

2 The Cross.



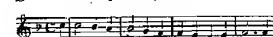
MUST Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' planted feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the heavenly courts descend,
And bear my soul away.

3 The Crowd.



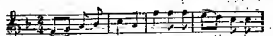
WILL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh!
For to it is nothing that Jesus should die;
Your ransom and peace, your security He has
Gone, as if there ever was sorrow like His.

For what you have done, His blood must atone,
The Father has punished for you His dear Son;
The Lord in the day of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

For you and for me He weaved on the tree,
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free;
That sign on the cross on Jesus' side,
And ample for the pardon God cannot deny.

My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' dear name.
He purchased the peace which I now I embrace,
O Father, Thine knowest He has died in my place.

4 The Saviour.



SAW ye my Saviour, Saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
He died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

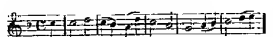
He was extended, He was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the cross;
He bowed His head and died! Thus my Lord
Was crucified.

To atone for a world that was lost,
There as my Saviour, There as my Saviour,
Jesus, my Lord, do I see;
On Him my sins were laid, And for me the
debt was paid.

When He groined and expired on the tree,
Now interceding, Now interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live;
Saying "Father, I have died, See my wounded
hands and side."

He remembered them, I pray Thee forgive,
He remembered them, I pray Thee forgive.

5 The Crucifixion.



WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sings, He prays for you and me.)

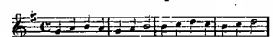
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by His they live!"
Then loving, all-atoning Lamb;
Then—by Thy painful agony.

Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

O how I like Thy bleeding feet,
As I bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat,
In every drooping sinner's ears.

Thou art my hope, the quickening sound,
Sinner I, even I, have mercy found.

6 Calvary.



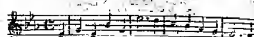
O REMEMBER Calvary,
And take my sins away;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Speak, and let the lost be found,
And let the dying live;
Friend of sinners, precious Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone;
He with all my sins I cast
On my atoning God.

Tell me now in love divine
That Thou hast pardoned me.

7 Easter.



RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Saviour and God!
In my behalf appears.

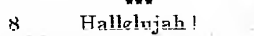
Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My name is written on His hands,
He ever lives above,
For me to intercede.

His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkled now the throne of grace.

His bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
Thy poor inefficient prayers,
They strongly plead for me.

"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"How lost that wretched sinner die!"
My God is reconciled,
His pardoning love I hear;

He owns me for His child,
I am no longer lost;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father Abba Father cry.

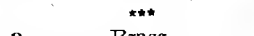


WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHORUS.—Hallelujah! His done.

We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us, our Saviour, and scattered
our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed
our stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has brought us, and taught us, and guided
our way.



I STRIP all bewitched with wonder,
And gaze on the beam of life,
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHORUS.—Thee now comes my sins
I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that stretch me free;
But when I had ceased both my struggles
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be clean white whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my Peace is now passing
The light of His face is on me;
But hither, beloved, He speedeth,
"My peace" I will give unto thee."

OUR TAILORING STORE SUPPLIES.

PANTS, TUNICS, SUITS,

FROM
\$3.00 to \$7.00.

FROM
\$6.00 to \$13.00.

FROM
\$9.00 to \$20.00.

ALL OF GOODS WHICH WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.

We have in stock a large quantity of the best Serges and Worsted Goods.

FINE COLORS! GOOD FIT!

Overcoats for Spring.

Band Suits a Specialty.

LIGHT COATS FOR SPRING. SUMMER COATS, NAVY BLUE, OR RED.

RAIN-PROOFS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.—Made of our new Rain-proof Serge. A Novelty. They are selling well, and will sell better the better they are known.

SPRING ULSTERS AT ALL PRICES.

SAMPLES FREE ON APPLICATION.

Self-Measurement Forms supplied with samples or without. If the directions are closely followed we guarantee a Good Fit. Try us.

SOCKS FOR MEN.

Best Wool, 40 Cents per pair.

STOCKINGS.

Best Wool, 60 Cents per pair.

BLUE FLANNEL SHIRTS.

\$1.75.

DRESS GOODS.

(Samples forwarded free on application.)

SERGE, navy blue, fine English, dark, 36 inches wide, per yard \$0.60

" extra fine, 47 inches wide, per yard 0.75

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

" fine, 40 inches wide, per yard 0.50

FLANNEL, navy blue, 50 inches wide, per yard \$0.38

" WATER-PROOF SERGE. A novelty. Fine pattern, navy blue, 36 inches wide, at \$1.25 and 1.60

LINING. Waist 16c. Skirt 9c and 0.10

" COMBINATION DRESS FACING, being Wigan Binding and 0.15

" Rubber Protection combined, per yard 0.15

" Small 8 Buttons, per dozen 0.10

" Red or Blue Bone Buttons, per dozen 0.10

" N.B.—Best Buttons made to match any kind of material.

DRESS STAYS, best quality, per set 0.15

" DRESS SLEEVES, quality I and II, per yard 0.20 and 0.25

" SILK, navy blue, for Bonnets, per yard 0.85 and 1.00

" SPRINGS FOR CORSETS. (Per yard) No. 1, 40c. No. 11, 0.35

" LATEST NOVELTY. Very useful in hot weather. (Patented.)

" SKIRT SUSPENDER. A simple dress hanger. Each 0.15

The League of Mercy, The Rescue Work,
The Children's Shelter, The Social Work,
ARE ALL IN FULL SWING.

We have Captured Joe Beef's Saloon in Montreal. Our Prison Cote Home in Toronto has moved to other premises. We have converted the old Rescue Home into a Food and Shelter for Men, and Prison Cote Home.

WE ARE ON THE QUICK MARCH, AND NEED YOUR HELP.

Do You Pity the Outcast?

Have You any Friend or Relative in Prison or Hospital?

WILL YOU LIFT THE FALLEN?

If so, remember that the Salvation Army is doing the work, and has claims upon your Christian generosity.

Donations and Subscriptions, and all Communications to be addressed to the COMMANDANT (for Social Work) or MRS. SMOOTH (for Rescue Work), Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

RESCUE TEXTS I Made by the Girls in the Rescue Home. Can be had at the Trade Department. They are made on Red Turkey Twill, and will wash.

Remember the Homes of Rest for Sick Officers and Officers in need, and help the Sick and Wounded Fund.

PROGRAM OF THE MONTREAL MEETINGS.

THURSDAY, April 6.—Banquet and Welcome Reception.
FRIDAY, April 7.—Morning.—Benediction of the Light-House Food and Shelter. Afternoon.—Public Meeting. Night.—Address by the Commandant. (The Salvation Army is holding its Social Reform.)

SATURDAY, April 8.—Field Officers' Council.
SUNDAY, April 9.—11 a.m.—Mass in St. Paul's. 3 p.m.—Address by the Commandant: "The Heart of the Army's Service."
1 p.m.—Charity Bazaar in the.

MONDAY April 10.—Staff Council. (Nearly the whole of the Executive Staff will be present.)
TUESDAY April 11.—Staff Council.
WEDNESDAY April 12.—Staff Council.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth to the Front.

—* NOW • FOR • SALE! —*

THE LIFE OF CATHERINE BOOTH,

The Mother of the Salvation Army

AND

A PROPHET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

2 Vols. 500 Pages. \$4.00.

POST PAID, 24 CENTS EXTRA.

Profusely Illustrated with Steel Engravings and Original Cuts with Portraits of Celebrities.

— THE private and domestic life of Mrs. Booth is unfolded in all its quiet, home-like beauty, and with it is entwined also her well-known public life, embracing no small share of the history and success of the whole movement. —

IT IS !!

IT IS !!

A Book for the Public,
A Book for Ministers,
A Book for Christian Workers of all
Denominations,
A Mine of Spiritual Wealth.

Pre-eminently a Book for Salvationists.
No Soldier, or Officer, or Friend of the
Army can afford to be without it.
Such a Book has not been seen for
many a day.

IT IS THE SALVATION ARMY CLASSIC.

Being not only the latest, but far away the best and most important Publication yet issued by the Salvation Army.

MRS. BOOTH'S LIFE AND WORKS,

COMPRISING

The Life of Catherine Booth Practical Religion,
Popular Christianity, Life and Death,
Aggressive Christianity, Godliness,
The Salvation Army in Relation to Church and State.

Together with a large Chromo or a Photo of
Mrs. Booth.

EIGHT

CLOTH-BOUND

VOLUMES,

ONLY \$7.20.

JUST FROM THE PRESS.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN,

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

The First Decade of the Salvation Army in Canada.

THIS LITTLE PAMPHLET CAN BE OBTAINED FROM THE TRADE SECRETARY.

It gives some interesting particulars relative to the Change of Commissioners, and their powers and obligations in regard to Property, together with the Year's Statement of Accounts, and all particulars of the Circle Corps Scheme, and other developments in Army work in Canada.

THE WAR CRY IS A WEEKLY PUBLICATION. SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.



VOL. IX. No. 441. [Special of the War Cry, Toronto, April 8, 1893.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

PENTECOST.

Then and Now.

Why PENTECOST? What was Pentecost? Pentecost was nothing; it was only a name. It was a particular day, like other days, which came in the ordinary course of things; a certain day—the fiftieth—after the passover—that is all. There had been a Pentecost every generation since Moses died, and there has been a Pentecost ever since, and will be while the Jews continue on the earth. There is no more in it than, say, keeping up the anniversary of Thanksgiving Day in the Dominion. It was simply an anniversary. But is not, why cannot it be that Pentecost turned the whole tide of the fortunes of the world? Why? That is the question. Not because there was a day of Pentecost at all, but because of something that happened on the day of Pentecost. It was a convenient day, the auspicious occasion chosen of God and chosen of man, when the time was ripe for the wonderful display of Almighty power, and when the promise of the Father could with propriety and safety be fulfilled. It was the right season. The value of that particular Pentecost consisted in

Boomer's prediction and the Father's promise—look to the name from the day on which it happened. And henceforth the event, to believers, more than the particular day and date of the anniversary, became known throughout the world as Pentecost. Let us consider Pentecost more fully. It was a day that fell from heaven, that memorable day; not to condemn the people in wrath—the unbelievers, and violators, and wrongdoers—as of old, but to infuse the men and women that waited there with a burning zeal and passion for the souls of men. To give them hearts that knew no fear, and make them ready to wage wholesale war with the iniquities and imperfections of the world and the enemies of the Cross. And they went forth and did it: literally made monarchs bend, and subdued kingdoms; without the power of any weapon but the sword that pierceth the soul in sunder and divideth the spirit from the marrow. Miracle of wonder and grace! They set the world on fire. And believe it, as we go up to Montreal and thence to our new spheres, the same thing is our heritage, and the same thing can happen to us each and all. Pentecost! Fire! A fire that burns unconquenchably within, a fire that warms the soul, a fire that burns up the wicked in hell. Fire! The mightiest emblem

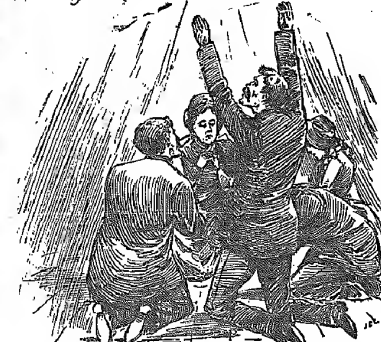
Pentecost is fully come if you have heart enough to believe it. You must do something more than continually ask yourself—Have I the Fire? That will leave you where you are, cold, careless, hard. You must *act* it. ETHEL! Are you prepared to wait, and strive, and wrestle mightily unto you prevail!

heavenly glow of emotions and love that thrills through the hearts of all, and an irresistible attraction to the sinners which makes them come and listen and yield almost whether they will or no. That is what we call a revival, and it is a revival we want, a revival of Fire and power and glory and salvation.



Modern Pentecost.

Pentecost.



Make no mistake. That particular day when the Holy Ghost was given had a good deal to do with the praying and believing of the Apostles; or rather the praying and believing had a good deal to do with the day. It might have been another day—the next day or the day after; but that day they prevailed, and the heavens were opened, and the Spirit descended as with tongues of fire and sat upon them all. That was very wonderful. Amen. Praise God! Hallelujah! Glory be to God for ever! Are you ready to do likewise—to wait, and watch, and pray, and persevere, and open your heart wide to believe? Until the Spirit descend upon you, and like the apostles you become a flame of fire yourself!

Everything points to the present as being the very best time to look for such a result. It is the auspicious moment in our history when every soldier, if he will, may rise up and make his influence felt for good. Now, comrades, are you in for it? You need not wait for fifty days or five days; you can begin right away. This is the day of Pentecost. Today if you will have his voice you shall have wonderful tidings of good. You will be made a new man all over, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and will count one in the coming revolution. The thing is to get sinners on your heart, and there is very little doubt that you will do so if you come in contact with the Fire of heaven. It was the upper room business at Jerusalem that made the Apostles, and when they went out they left the old things behind and went in for something on a big scale. It didn't need any coaxing on the part of Peter to get the 3,000 sinners converted. They were simply slain—slain—by the mighty power of God. Hell fire is a great power still, and sinners, when their eyes are opened, are not too eager to get there. It is the opening of the eyes that is the very thing the Holy Ghost contrives to do. Then when their eyes are opened there is hope of dealing with better things, and you have a chance with their poor souls. Forward, the conquest—soldiers of heaven, comrades, one and all.

the preparedness and expectancy of the people that lifted up their hearts and hands in the upper room and waited for the manifestation of the Spirit from on high. So that the event, which is all we care about—the pouring out of the Spirit from on high, the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, the fulfillment of the

of the mightiest force in the universe. The strongest emblem of the Godhead Himself! A consuming Fire. Fire! Burning up all before it, sweeping reasonless sin over every obstacle and securing the whole land in one grand and glorious blaze of salvation. But instead, there is joyous liberty and comradeship and a